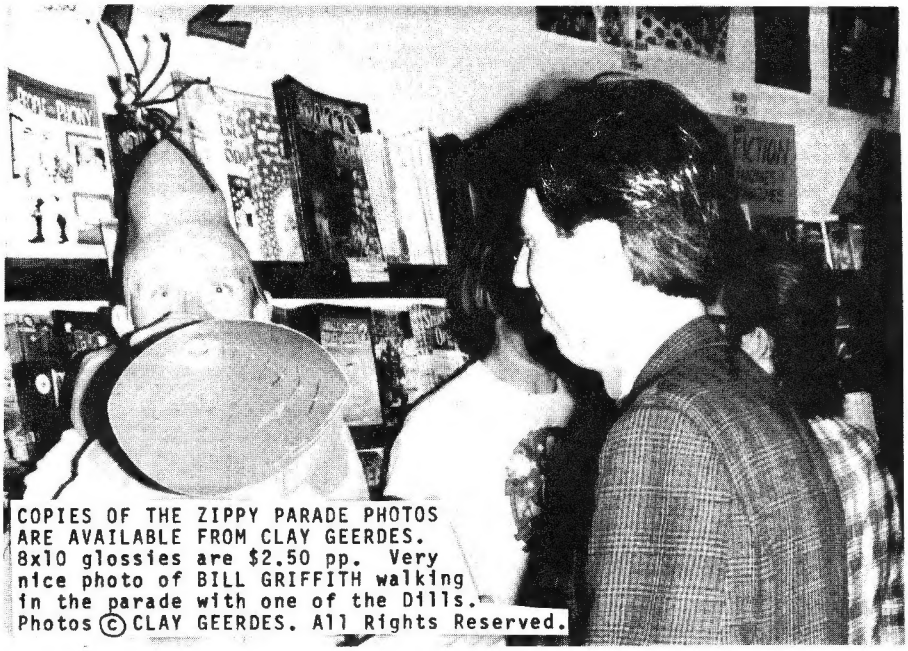
COMIX WORLD 149. June 15, 1980. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley 94707. World Rights Reserved. logo by Garry Hardman. Subs: $10 for 48. Latest mini-comix are Charles Schneider's TRUE GRUE, and CW's SWEET CHEEKS 2 (covers on other side). 50¢ and a stamp each from CW.* MICKEY RAT 3 and AUTO BE RECYCLED are out from Last Gasp.* SCIENCE FRICTION is the latest mini from Tom Brinkman (see his ad below). Tom did some work for SWEET CHEEKS 2.* SPACE CON 8 will be at Oakland Auditorium, June 21. Info: 415-968-8066.* BIZARRE 11, and 12 are $8 each from Belier Press, P. O. Box "C", Gracie STA, NY 10028. Into bondage photos, get BIZARRE CLASSIX 4. $8 pp same address.* Cerebus 17 just out.* FIRST KINGDOM now up to Book T2.* Mark Beyer sent me a strange little mini, DEATH. Red overlay on cover. Send him 50¢ for one at P. O. Box 2304, Allentown, PA 18104.* GARBANZO COMIX 1 is a 75¢ mini from Harry Onickel, 16075 Harden Circle, Southfield, MI 48075.* Matt Feazell has a mini out--CYNICALMAN is 15¢ and a stamp from him at 17 S. Euclid #3, St Louis MO 63108. He has two other zines, SPACE CADET and INVASION for 30¢ each. * ELECTRIC PETE 3 out from Pete Silvia (see his ad).* In Amsterdam, TALENT is up to issue 4.* Jim Buser and Tom Walton organized a ZIPPY FOR PRESIDENT rally on June 6, 1980. Zippy, played by a member of the Duck's Breath Mystery Theater, spoke on Sproul steps at the University of California. The crowd paraded down Telegraph to Comics and Comix where Zippy's creator, Bill Griffith autographed postcards and confronted the media (He's smiling for KSAN below). On hand for the event were the Tap-dancing Dills and Berkeley's ultrasonic Psycotic Pineapple. The Pineapple sang a few of their punkest numbers on the walk in front of C & C. -CLAY GEERDES

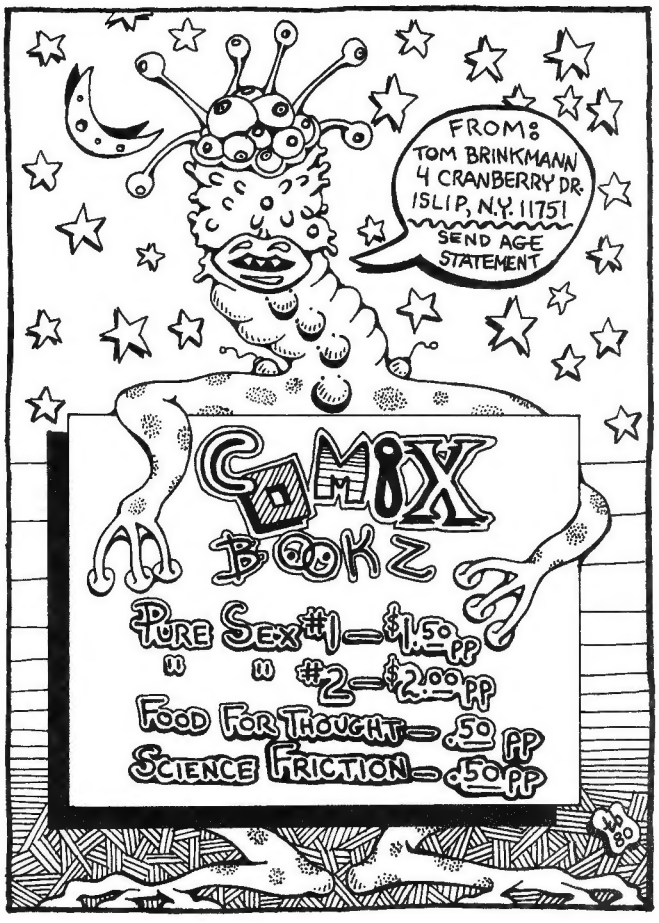


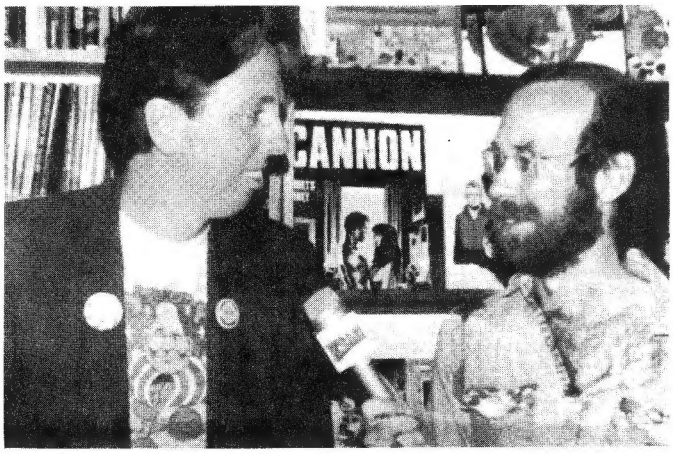
COPIES OF THE ZIPPY PARADE PHOTOS ARE AVAILABLE FROM CLAY GEERDES. 8x10 glossies are $2.50 pp. Very nice photo of BILL GRIFFITH walking in the parade with one of the Dills. Photos © CLAY GEERDES. All Rights Reserved.

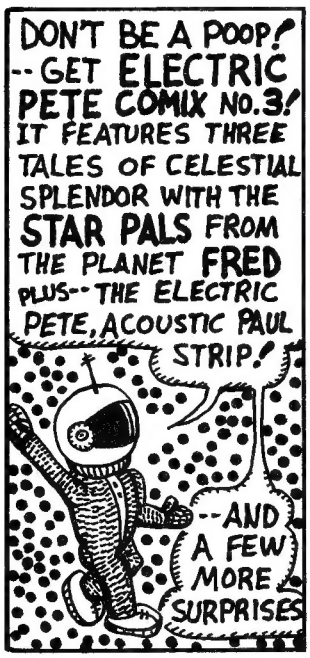
CLAY GEERDES'

HARDMAN '79

COMIX WORLD



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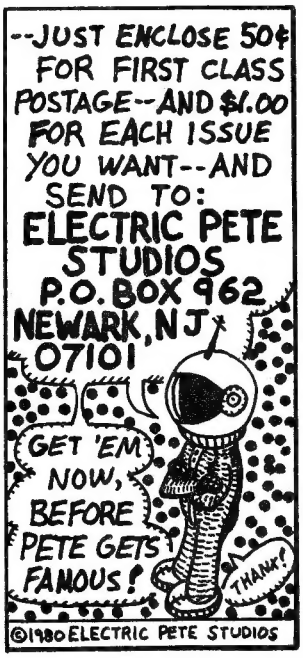
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AMERICAN GIGOLO. A teenager summed up this movie perfectly when she said, "the plot ain't much, but that guy is so cute you don't mind looking at him for a couple of hours." That's logical. The teenyboppers can't go to the male topless dancing shows that are the current fad around the country, but they can see a lingering nude shot of Richard Gere and watch the actor go through a few dozen changes of clothes. It used to be called "beefcake." As a movie, it's about a D+. It's a depressing vision of California subculture, done without a trace of humor and very little wit. None of the characters have any qualities that would make the viewer care about them. Gere plays a hooker who gets framed for a murder. Fans of McBain, Wambaugh, or Daley will be tearing their hair out over this one, because there are enough errors to make one wonder if Paul Schrader ever heard of research. No preliminary hearing, no mention of bail; talk about the murder weapon, but we never know what it was or how the framers managed to get Julian Kay's fingerprints on it or connect it with him. The scenes are so long and so boring and so light on content the film will be easy to edit down to an hour for t-v sale. GIGOLO is worse than HARDCORE if you you need a comparison. It's pure exploitation with no socially redeeming value and it's cheat porn at the same time. A good sex film is much better and the viewer gets what he paid four bucks for. Gigolo shows a light side shot of Gere's weenie and a quickie look at Lauren Hutton's tits and that's it on sex, gang, unless you want to count those two topless sunbathers in that early beach house scene. Question is, why would anyone want to take the time to sit through this movie? It's not entertaining. It's not educational. It's dammed little of anything but clichés that were tired out in the forties. Travolta is lucky he didn't get the role of Kay. One can't blame Gere for this crapola. He did the best he could with a lame script. I'd advise Schrader to go back and see SHAMPOO again. C. G.

HAPPY NEW DECADE
COMING in 1980... BOB DOG starring in CREDO GROUP CARTOON "HOW TO GET A JOB"
1980
B. Caulon 1980
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URBAN CORNBALL

URBAN COWBOY is SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER in cowboy drag, a piece of shitty sentimental junk that is an insult to the entire Southwest. It proves that John Travolta has learned nothing about acting. Was anyone ever more out of place than Travolta in Gilley's? His speech, gestures, walk, attitudes--nothing southern in them at all. He's got a bad back and a broken arm and he's whirling around the dance floor like Bruce Jenner at the Olympics--that's an actor? Back to KOTTER and t-v; that's where he belongs. As for the film, well, the cowboys may think it's fine, because the music is good and Gilley's looks like a fun place to watch the action; and the intellectuals will probably be conned into justifying the film as a pathetic satire on the horseless cowboy, but in the end it's just an over-hyped piece of shit--four bucks down the tubes. C. G.